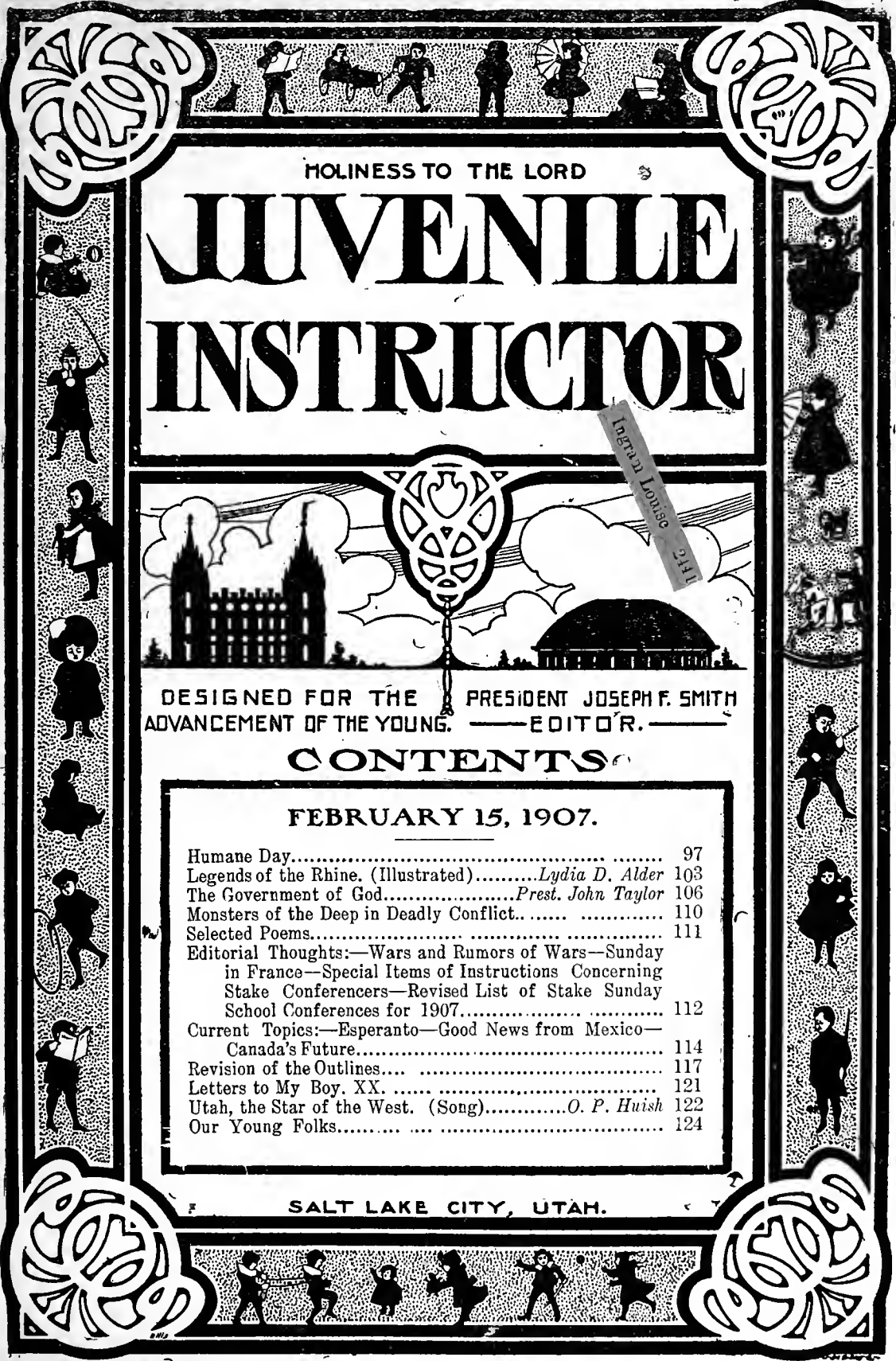


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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH EDITOR.

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HUMANE DAY.



It was a beautiful thought that prompted the observance of Humane Day, a thought that awakens feelings of tenderness and care for the animal world especially for those animals that God has made the servants of man. Whatever we may think of their responsibilities or of the necessity of their punishment certainly their responsibilities and punishment should not be out of harmony with their intelligence and the real necessities of the case. Sometimes we punish the brute simply because we are angry, because we have been hurt, or because we are annoyed at our inability to direct and govern those animals placed within our keeping. The habit of excessive punishment of animals grows on boys just as other evil habits grow, so that it often happens that while a boy is trying to correct the disposition of a horse and to make himself ruler over the animal he is spoiling his own disposition. What we do to others in some measure we do to ourselves, and this is true even in the case of dumb brutes.

What is even more serious than the wrongs inflicted upon dumb animals is the habit of wrong doing, for doing wrong to animals is but a stepping stone to the doing of wrong to our fellowmen. I once knew a boy who in his childhood was sweet and amiable. In his early boyhood his circumstances compelled him to labor,

to drive a team, for the support of himself and a widowed mother. The team consisted of a span of mules. No doubt they tried his temper which in time became so violent that he had no control over it. He punished his animals unmercifully, and in time there was a spirit of noticeable cruelty towards his companions. It was an uncontrollable temper that had a mastery over him. He could not punish his fellowmen, as he punished his team. The anger that prompted him to do so led him to fights and the habit of fighting grew upon him. He was as frequently punished himself as he punished others. He became in time unlovable, unamiable, and his companions shunned him. He grew sullen and morose as hatred gained possession of his heart. Finally he sought the life of his fellowman.

Such was the result of a boy's association with animal life. Associations in the animal world have some kinship to the associations of men with their fellowmen. There are animals whose stubborn disposition, reckless and vicious habits make them undesirable companions for a boy. I have sometimes seen boys unfortunately associated with vicious teams; and as I now look back upon life, and see the effect such teams had upon the lives of my companions in youth, I asked myself, Does it pay? Fathers who are very particular about the association of their sons with other young

men never imagine that there can be any harm in the association of their sons with vicious and wayward animals.

A father once said to me that he had just been buying an intelligent and faithful team for his boy to drive, "for," said he, "I know how easy it is for a bad team to create in a boy a bad temper or an ugly disposition." All teams are not good and desirable, any more than all men are so. A good team naturally develops a humane instinct in the life of a boy and he learns to love a faithful and devoted horse. We should be humane to our animals, but we should be humane also to the sons who are to use them.

Girls are naturally tender from instinct and training. These admonitions, therefore do not apply so much to them, and yet I have known girls whose treatment of a horse was even more cruel than that of the average boy. They were not cruel because they were angry with the horse and beat him unmercifully, they were cruel through a lack of sympathy with animal life and because they had no appreciation of an animal's endurance, and therefore imposed upon it severe burdens, as though the animal were a mere machine.

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

The friendship which men have established with dogs is celebrated in history. Lord Byron's love for his dogs, and the beautiful monument which he erected to the memory of one of his favorites at Newstead Abbey, are well known to every one familiar with his life. Sir Walter Scott's love for dogs, and the freedom they enjoyed at Abbotsford are a tradition of the place. It is impossible to avoid loving these faithful animals, whose affection for their masters is almost human. Their wonderful instinct, too, is a constant source of wonder to all who study and observe their habits; in fact, one is almost forced to the conclusion that dogs are reasoning

beings. Many stories are told about dogs and their doings, but the following, which have been collected from various sources are new and will doubtless interest all who are fond of dogs.

One of the most touching stories of the affection shown by dogs for their masters, is told by a writer in the *Los Angeles Herald*. "I don't know if dogs have souls," he says, "perhaps not—but they have hearts, and love people just as we do, only more devotedly and disinterestedly, because they love their human companions for the good that is in them, and nothing else. I know a little dog who loves a woman like that, and when she went away his grief was piteous to see. He didn't know where she had gone, or why, or when she would return, only that it hurt. He was just a poor, helpless, affectionate little beast, who couldn't reason or philosophize, and his heart ached in a dull sort of way because he could not see her and lay his head against her to be patted. I tried to comfort him that first night, when everything seemed so still and lonesome, but he couldn't understand. He would run from one place to another, searching, hoping to find her in some unusual spot, and then he would come back to me with a look of dumb enquiry in his eyes, and whimper. Finally I found him an old dress which she had worn, and spread it on the bed beside him. The little fellow snuggled down in it and seemed to draw some comfort from the fragrance of the woman's spirit which still lingered in the folds. And we fell asleep together in an atmosphere of memories of her who had gone away, and the mutual love we bore her drew us very close together, the little dog and I."

Instances are common in which dogs have remained by the body of a master, refusing to leave. It seems cruel to think of killing an animal of this kind to get him out of the way, and yet it has been found

necessary in many cases. A very remarkable case of this kind happened a few years ago within my knowledge. There was a little fox terrier, a trim little animal with a wag of his stumpy tail for every one, and he was the pet of a young boy who had reared him from puppyhood. When the little fellow was taken ill the dog would creep into the room without the least noise, and would lift himself on the bed to lick his master's hand. It was really touching. After a time the boy became dangerously ill. The dog had to be excluded from the room, but he sat by the door never leaving it, with an expression of abject sorrow on his little face.

The boy died. The dog knew it just as well as if he had been human, and they took him away until after the funeral. In some way, however, he escaped and returned home just as the body was being placed in the hearse. He followed it to the cemetery. At the grave he sat on his haunches, his head cast down, and now and then his cries, always low and painful, caused tears to fall from the eyes of those who were watching the last rites.



THE FREEZING AND STARVING OF WESTERN CATTLE.

From statement of Mr. E. K. Whitehead, at Denver, Colorado, on the "Freezing and Starving of Cattle," we take the following:

"There is no blacker stain on the civilization of the nation than this. Imagine in December a single animal already gaunt from cold, hunger and thirst; and of the three the thirst is most terrible. Imagine this wretched creature wandering about on an illimitable plain covered with snow, with nothing to eat except here and there, buried under the snow, a sparse tuft of scanty moss-like dead grass; eating snow for days and weeks because there is nothing to drink; by day wandering and paw-

ing in the snow, by night lying down in it, swept by pitiless winds and ice storms, always shivering with cold, always gnawed with hunger, always parched with thirst, always searching for something to eat where there is nothing, always staring with dumb, hopeless eyes, blinded, swollen and festering from the sun's glare on the snow. Imagine that, and imagine yourself enduring one hour of it; multiply that by twenty-four; multiply that by the slow-moving nights and days from December to April, if life lasts so long; then multiply that by forty million, and you have the statistics of the brute suffering, in this one way for one year and every year in this unspeakable trade. Take all the brute suffering in the city of New York for a year, and it would not offset that of the cattle on some single ranches in the West in one day. It is like the figures astronomers give us--meaningless, because we cannot grasp them. The mind and heart cannot take in what it means. It saddens one for a lifetime to see the ghastly corpses of starved cattle on the plains, and the still more ghastly living ones. Poor, fleshless shapes, which it seems the strong-clinging life cannot let go of, their dull brains so sodden with suffering they hardly know they suffer, still, the very hair on their bodies bleached and colorless with famine, staggering about with staring eyes and listless steps, growing ever weaker, until they stumble and fall in little heaps of hide and bones, which even the coyotes, the scavengers of the plains, despise and will not touch.

"On one single ranch in Texas last winter, five hundred thousand dollars' worth of cattle died. On many ranches half were lost; on some, three-quarters; on almost all, many; while all the rest went down to the very verge of death, and suffered all its pain without its relief.

"The owners of these animals are 'our best citizens,' foremost in politics, society, business and religion, warmly clad, eating

three square meals a day, and sleeping in comfortable beds paid for by the sufferings of these helpless beasts, deliberately put out where their owners know they are dying lingering deaths, but enough of whom will survive to make a profit. These respectable gentlemen bitterly resent any attempt to interfere with their business, even by the enforcement of law. In some states they have succeeded in preventing the enactment of laws for the protection of dumb animals, on the avowed ground that it would be bad for their business."



A DOG WHICH SAVES LIVES.

Rags is a four-year-old dog, unkept and ill-looking, but a heroic heart beats in his shaggy breast. Rags has saved more than forty lives. His field of service is in the Klondike, where he and his master have wintered for several years. The *Philadelphia North American* tells of two of the dog's exploits.

In the winter of 1901 a number of men belonging to the Pittsburg mining company was prospecting in Alaska. They lived in a little wooden hut, from which they went out in pairs to explore. They were away beyond any sign of civilization, and the weather was so severe that they endured a good deal of suffering.

One day two of the men, out on an expedition were caught in a sudden and terrific storm. They started back for camp, but the trail was rapidly covered by the drifting snow. On and on the men plodded, each falling now and again, only to be roused from the death-dealing sleep and hustled on by his companion. At last both sank, and the snow drifted over them.

The men at the camp, alarmed by the non-appearance of their comrades, started out to rescue them. Rags went along too. Straight as an arrow he followed the trail, and before long a sharp yell told the party

that their friends had been found. The two men were completely buried in the snow, and help had not come one moment too soon. This was Rag's first exploit.

At another time he went out as the leader of sixteen dogs which were dragging a rescue team to relieve a party of snow-bound miners. As the team was plodding steadily along, Rags suddenly gave a cry, broke from the traces and bounded away. Thinking he might have found the trail, the party followed, and by the time they had reached him, Rags had dug away enough snow to allow an entombed miner to crawl out.

Rags has saved forty-six lives and made several record-breaking rescue trips. His badge of honor is a gold collar on which is inscribed a list of his deeds.



ANIMALS THAT DOCTOR THEMSELVES.

MAN might often take from the lower animals a lesson as to the care of himself when ill. All sorts of animals suffering from fever eat little, lie quiet, in dark, airy places, and drink quantities of water. When a dog loses his appetite he knows where to find chiendent—dog-grass—which acts as a purgative and emetic. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek certain herbs. Any animal suffering from chronic rheumatism keeps as far as possible in the sun. If a chimpanzee be wounded he has been seen to stop the bleeding by a plaster of chewed up leaves and grass.



DIED GIVING ALARM OF FIRE.

THE heroism of a dog, a plain story of not uncommon animal intelligence which is not without its pathos, has aroused the interest of Somerville residents who almost overlook the magnitude of the service rendered in their expression of regret at the outcome.

Jack, a pet by day and a watchman by night, was the property of Herbert E. Bowman, a druggist in Magoun square.

Between 12:30 and 1 o'clock one morning recently, the height of Jack's vigil, there occurred a fire in Mr. Bowman's store, due, it is believed, to spontaneous combustion. Jack was alive to it in a twinkling. With a bound he was on his feet at the first smell of smoke. He was helpless, though not without a realization of his trust. The loudest bark was all he could give and he gave it. Leaping about, pawing madly at the front door and lifting his tones with all his strength, he raised the alarm.

Above the store where there are tenements occupied by ten persons in all, the cries of Jack gave first warning of the danger that lay beneath. Before the smoke had penetrated through the floors every one of the sleepers had been aroused and hurried to a place of safety.

Meantime Jack had not ceased his efforts. His yelps, though not as frequent and as loud as at first, showed him mindful of his duty. The door was forced, though the smoke which burst out was almost unbearable. Jack lay on the floor, dead. Suffocated, the fireman said.

FAITHFUL DOG'S LONG WATCH.

WHEN Miss Bonnie V. Lynn returned from her rural mail delivery route she was much surprised at the non-appearance of her faithful old dog Tracey, which always accompanies her on her rounds.

Diligent search and inquiry developed nothing as to the whereabouts of the faithful companion. The members of the Lynn household were grieved by the absence of the favorite canine, which was regarded almost as one of the family. They were confident that nothing short of death or imprisonment could prevent Tracey from returning to them.

Later, when Miss Lynn was again covering her route, she was surprised, upon stopping to deposit some letters in a box, to find the lost dog lying near the place, faithfully guarding an empty envelope that she had dropped on the ground the day before.

For 24 hours Tracey had kept vigil over this envelope, evidently realizing the responsibility that rested upon his mistress and believing the preservation of the envelope was of vital importance.

During this long watch the dumb animal had neither food nor water and not until the envelope was picked up would it desert its post.

A SAGACIOUS ELEPHANT.

A WRITER in a Bombay journal describes an instance of an elephant's sagacity that is out of the ordinary. He says: "The battering train was going to the siege of Seringapatam, when an artilleryman, who was seated on the tumbril of one of the guns, by some accident fell almost under the hind wheel. The elephant stationed behind the gun, perceiving the man's danger, instantly and without any order from its keeper, lifted up the wheel with its trunk and kept the wheel suspended till the carriage had passed clear of the man.

AN EDUCATED CROW THE LATEST WONDER IN LONDON.

TOMMY, an educated crow, that arrived recently at the London, England Zoo, has already astonished the officials and visitors by his remarkable proficiency in speech.

He is a fine specimen of the well-known Indian talking bird, the larger hill mynah, and he was presented to the Zoological Society by Major J. T. Galvert. The bird is not only a talker, he is a linguist, for he can speak Hindustani as well as English.

The Zoo authorities would not place him

in one of the aviaries. His linguistic talents would have been wasted there. Instead he has a cage to himself in the insect house, and the following list of his favorite English phrases is posted up outside.

TOMMY.

Tommy is so naughty.
The Lord bless you.
What are you talking about?
I'm surprised at you.
What's the matter with you?
Good morning.
How's your liver?
What's the row, eh?
Really, you don't say so.
Well, Tommy, my boy.
Well, well.
You'll break your bicycle.
Who are you?

At the end of the list are some of his favorite Indian speeches.

The bird has a mannerism of holding his head sideways when he is spoken to, as though listening, and for the greater part of the day his beak is half open, giving one the idea that he is ever ready to turn on his eloquence.

It is most curious to hold a conversation with him, for if one of his phrases is repeated he will answer with another.

"How's your liver?" says a visitor, and the bird answers, as though shocked, "I'm surprised at you."

If he hears the remark: "The Lord bless you," he is as likely as not to reply: "Really, you don't say so."

"I'm surprised at you," is his favorite utterance. He is always saying it—sometimes with curious effect. It is possible that the uncouth manners of a silver-eared mesia, a handsome, rainbow hued little bird from the Himalayas, not much larger than a sparrow, which occupies the next cage, offend him.

The bird is fed on wood ants, and in order that the insects may not sting his throat when he swallows them, he squeezes

them in his beak, and deliberately turns his tail round and rubs on it the poisonous fluid the ants exude.

His tail feathers are stained through constant repetition of this process. No wonder Tommy says he is surprised.



COLLIE DRIVES OFF CROWS AND HAWKS.

ON a farm in Sangerville, Maine, is a year-old Scotch collie which has taken upon herself the general oversight of things.

No crow or hawk can alight on the place and remain any longer than it takes her to get to it, neither are the hens and geese allowed to go beyond their bounds. The intelligence that she exhibits is wonderful, and it is safe to say that no offer could tempt her owner to part with her.



DOG DIES WITH HIS MASTER.

LYING side by side, Alexander Perot of Philadelphia and his faithful dog were both found dead by his daughter. Perot had been ill for some time and it is believed that while temporarily insane as a result of the sickness he determined on suicide and turned on the gas. The faithful dog refused to leave his master and both fell victims to the deadly fumes.



TERRIER, STICK AND PALING FENCE.

LLOYD MORGAN relates at some length the experiments he tried with his fox terrier, Tony, trying to teach him how to bring a stick through a fence with vertical palings. The spaces would allow the dog to pass through, but the palings caught the ends of the stick which the dog carried in his mouth. When his master encouraged him he pushed and struggled vigorously. Not succeeding he went back, lay down, and began gnawing the stick.

Then he tried again, and stuck as before, but by a chance movement of his head to one side finally got the stick through. His master patted him approvingly and sent him for the stick again. Again he seized it by the middle and of course brought up against the palings. After some struggles he dropped it and came through without it. Then, encouraged by his master, he put his head through, seized the stick and tried to pull it through, dancing up and down in his endeavors. Time after time and day after day the experiment was re-

peated, with practically the same results.

The dog never mastered the problem. He could not see the relation of that stick to the opening in the fence. One time he worked and tugged three minutes trying to pull the stick through. Of course if he had had any mental conception of the problem or had thought about it at all, a single trial would have convinced him as well as a dozen trials. Mr. Morgan tried the experiment with other dogs with like result. When they did get the stick through it was always by chance.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.



THE Castle of Rheinfels was built by Count Diether of Katzenellenbogen, in 1245, for the purpose of compelling persons navigating the river to pay toll. The demands of this robber count becoming exorbitant, the inhabitants of the neighboring country rebelled against his exactions, and for fifteen months unsuccessfully besieged his castle. Failing in this they formed an extensive league, which ended in the destruction of so many of the castles on the Rhine, and the freeing of the river from the unjust tolls. Afterwards it fell into the hands of the Landgrave of Hesse, who converted it into a fortress of such strength that in 1692 a French army of 25,000 stormed it in vain. In 1794 it was surrendered to the French by the cowardice of the Hessian commander, almost without a blow, and by them three years later it was destroyed. In 1812 the castle was sold for £100. It is now the property of the royal family of Prussia, who purchased it in 1843.

The castle called the "Cat," an ancient castle of the counts of Katzenellenbogen, was built in 1392, and after the extinction of that family, it became the property of the princes of Hesse, but was finally destroyed

by the French in 1806. The ruins have been partially restored.

The castle of Reichenberg, one of the most picturesquely situated on the Rhine, was built in 1284, afterwards was partially destroyed, then restored in oriental style, but finally was dismantled by Filly during the Thirty Years' War. It has been restored by Baron Octlingen, as nearly as possible to its original condition.

Leaving St. Goar we pass in the middle of the stream a sunken ledge of rock over which the current is very rapid, and on the left are the precipitous rocks of the Lurlei, the summit of which can only be reached by a steep path on the north side. The Lurlei has been made the subject of many legends, the most popular being that of the Syren, who dwelt in the cliff, and by her wondrous singing, so entranced the sailors, that they forgot to steer their boats and were drawn into the whirlpool at the foot of the rocks. The more venturesome she allowed ashore, and leading them to the top of the rock, they still following her singing, walked to the edge of the precipice, then over into the dark waters below. Old Count Bruno lived near this cliff with his only son Hermin. The young knight had often heard of the water nymph, and



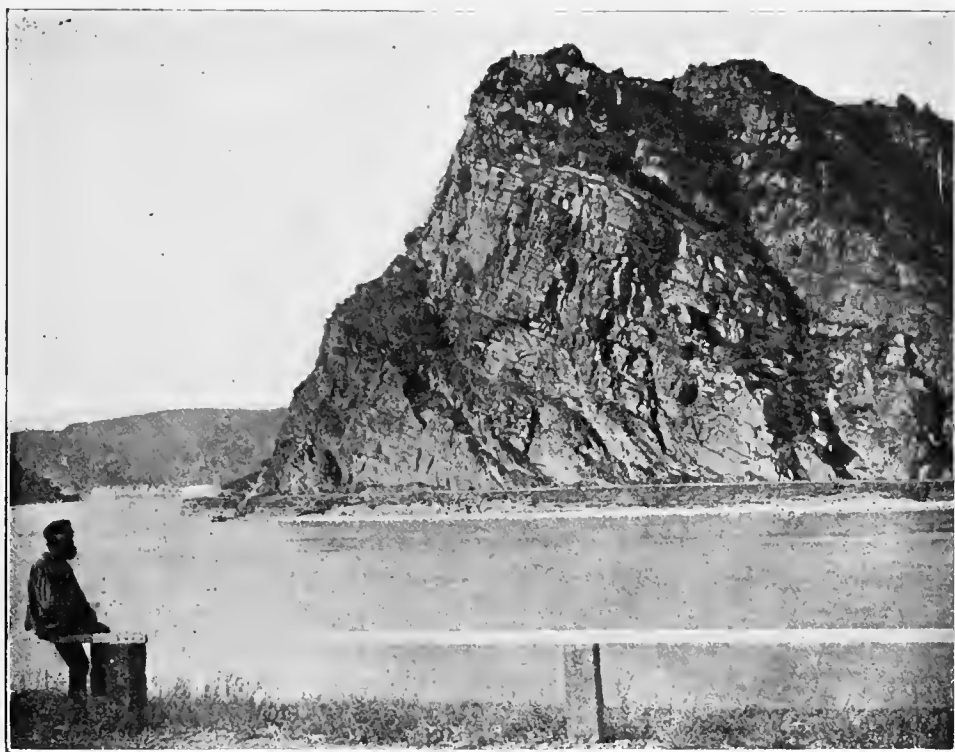
THE LURLEI.

at last one evening he beheld her as he stood at the foot of the cliff. A strange radiance was all around him, and looking up he saw the beautiful Lurlei who seemed to bend lovingly toward him. Her loveliness overcame him and he sank senseless to the ground. From this time his whole being was one long desire for another glimpse of the fair one, with whom he had so violently fallen in love. His father, heart broken, in vain sought to restore him to his former life. One night he disappeared from the castle. The old count, alarmed at his long absence, hurried to the bank of the river, and, to his horror, beheld his son standing upright in a small boat, his arms extended towards the cliff on which his eyes were fixed. In vain he called to him, implored him to seize the oars before it was too late, but entranced by the sight of the beautiful, treacherous Lurlei, deaf to all around him, the whirl-

pool caught him in its grasp, the boat cap-sized, and the unhappy father saw his son drowned in the rapids. The rock is also famous for the celebrated echo, which is said to repeat itself twelve times. But this echo can only be heard by those who land and stand under the rock. It is a favorite amusement of the German students when they visit the rock to call out, "Who is the Burgomaster of Oberwesel?" and the echo answers, "esel" (the German for ass.) From the steamer, a short distance above the Lurlei, the rock looks like a human profile, and is supposed to resemble Napoleon I.

How dizzy the height to the Lurlei cliff! and how dark the waters below! The whispering winds that roam at eve, blend with the murmur of the stream and produce a melody at once fascinating and alluring. Fit place for the beautiful legend of the Lurlei of the Rhine.

How the steamer crosses and re-crosses



THE RHEINSTEIN

the river! Panting and whistling she slows up, the gang plank is pushed out, a few people and some freight are loaded, then away we steam again. We read the legends of the misty past as we sail, then examine the places as we reach them, finding it so interesting to place the castle or ruins with the enchantment of the Rhine and its surroundings. Round these ruined towers where no watchman now stands over the Rhine, one can see the invading host of destroyers, hear the hiss of fire and the thud of falling stones. Yet no, it is only the wind that shrieks through the rent walls, the tottering columns, the swinging vines. Here solitude reigns where once was heard the tramp of horse and man. Crowned by the halo of romance are the castles of the Rhine; where the Lurlei sings high over the cliffs or among the jagged ledges of stones.

Now we cross the river again, and Ross-

stein, a rock on our left, through which a railway tunnel passes, is a ridge of jagged rocks. When the river is low, it is called Siebenjungfrauen (the seven virgins). According to a legend one of the counts of Schenberg had seven lovely daughters who were as coquettish as they were beautiful, and many were the victims of their heartlessness. Lurlei, the river nymph, resolved to punish them. One day when they were going to the neighboring castle of Rheinfels a violent storm arose, their boat was overturned and the maidens were precipitated into the water, when the Lurlei at once changed them into rocks, and there they are a warning to all maidens who trifle with a suitor's love.

Above Oberwesel are the picturesque ruins of the castle of Schonberg, the cradle of the celebrated family of that name, from which descended Marshal Schonberg, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne

and whose remains are buried in Westminster Abbey. The marshal was born in the castle in 1615. In the Thirty Years' War the castle was partially destroyed by the Swedes in 1689; it was finally demolished by the French.

The ancient town of Kant is still surrounded by walls. It was here on July 1, 1813, that the Prussian army under the command of Blucher, crossed the Rhine, as he said, "to wash out the disgrace of bondage in this proud river." It is still memorable as being the point where, from the heights above, the view of the Rhine first burst upon the Prussians in the war of 1870. To the Germans of every age this great river has been an object of adoration and reverence, scarcely inferior to that with which the Egyptians contemplate the Nile, or the Indians the Ganges. When the brave men, having achieved the rescue of

their native land, came in sight of this, its ancient land mark, they shouted, "The Rhine, the Rhine," as with one voice, and those behind hearing the cry rushed on, expecting another battle. On a small eminence, near the church of St. Peter, are the beautiful ruins of the chapel of St. Werner, erected in the 15th century, to commemorate the canonization of St. Werner, a boy, who according to tradition was murdered by the Jews in 1286. During the Thirty Years' war it was destroyed by the Swedes. A legend tells us that after the boy's murder at Oberwesel, his body was thrown into the river, and miraculously floated up the stream, stranding opposite the point where this chapel was built. And here it is said his spirit walks in the moon-beam's pale light, as he listlessly wanders by the grave they gave to him, the ever flowing Rhine.

Lydia D. Alder.

THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

(FROM THE WRITINGS OF PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR).



ANOTHER principle has many advocates on the Continent of Europe at the present time; a principle of Socialism. Like everything else, it is possessed of different phases, and has been advocated in its various branches by Fourier, Robert Owen, Cabet, Pierre Leroux, and Proudhon, in Europe, and Fanny Wright in America. The leading object of many of these people is to have a community of goods and property. Some of them discard Christianity altogether, and others leave every one to do as they please; others attach a little importance to it. I would briefly remark on the first of those, that if scepticism is to be the basis of the happiness of man, we shall be in a poor situation to improve the world. It is prac-

tical infidelity that has placed the world in its present position; how far the unblushing profession of it will lead to restoration and happiness. I must leave my readers to judge. It is our departure from God, that has brought upon us all our misery. It is not a very reasonable way to alleviate it by confirming mankind in scepticism. I am aware that there is much in the world to induce doubt, and uncertainty on religious affairs, and religious professors have much to answer for; but there is a very material difference between the religion of God, and our Lord Jesus Christ, and that of those who profess His name.

As regards Communism, in the abstract, or on the voluntary principle, we will examine that briefly. Pick out a number of men in Paris, London, Berlin, or any other

city, associated with all the evils and corruptions of those cities, and organize them into a community. Will the mere removal of them from one place to another make them better? Certainly not. If they were corrupt before, they will be after their removal; and if they were unhappy before, they will be after. This temporary change will not make a difference; for men in possession of different religious, and political, and moral views, never can be united in harmony. The difficulties that exist in the world on a large scale, would exist there in miniature; and though prudence, forbearance, and policy, in smaller circles, might operate for a time, the evils would still exist; and though they might smoulder and be pent up, like a volcano, they would only rage with greater fury when they did burst out.

I have conversed with some who seem to think that all that is necessary to promote the happiness of man, is, that he have sufficient to eat and drink, and that through this means it would be obtained. I grant that the comforts and happiness of men are in a great measure augmented by these things; but to place them at the root and foundation, is wrong. In the present situation of Europe, where so much squalid poverty, wretchedness, and distress abound, it is not to be wondered at that such feelings should obtain. But, if we cast our eyes abroad in the world, we shall find that unhappiness is not always associated with the poor: it revels in the church and state; among kings, potentates, princes, and rulers: it follows the haunts of the libertine and profligate, and gnaws in many instances the conscience of the minister: it rides with lords and ladies in their carriages and chariots, and revels in splendid saloons and in banquet halls. Many a pleasant countenance covers an aching heart, and many a gorgeous costume hides the deadly worm; jealousy, disappointed ambition, blasted hopes, cold neglect, and

conjugal infidelity, produce many a miserable heart; and rage, envy, malice, and murder, lurk in many instances under the cover of pomp, splendor, competency, or magnificence; not to mention the care, anxiety, and trouble of officers of state in these troublous times. If the poor knew the situation of many of those in different circumstances, they would not envy their situations.

Again, if we notice the position of some of the Southern and Western States of America. They have abundance to eat and to drink, their lands bring forth bountifully. But does this make them happy? Verily, no. The same false state of society exists there; men are awfully under the influence of their depraved passions; men are frequently put to death by what is called "Lynch law," without judge or jury. The pistol, the bowie knife, the rifle, and the dirk, are in frequent requisition, and misery and unhappiness prevail.

In Mexico, where they possess one of the richest countries in the world, a salubrious climate, a rich soil, abounding also with the most valuable mineral resources, yet the people are unhappy. Guerillas plunder the traveler, its streets are crowded with beggars; its men are without courage or energy, and the country is left a prey to any nation, who has covetousness or power to oppress it. The Scriptures say, that "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God;" and as they do not exist in this way, another Scripture tells the story in plain terms, for it says, "Where there is no vision the people perish." Proverbs 29: 18.

There is also another political party, who desire, through the influence of legislation and coercion, to level the world. To say the least, it is a species of robbery; to some it may appear an honorable one, but, nevertheless, it is robbery. What right has any private man to take by force the

property of another? The laws of all nations would punish such a man as a thief. Would thousands of men engaged in the same business make it more honorable? Certainly not. And if a nation were to do it, would a nation's act sanctify a wrong deed? No; the Algerine pirates, or Arabian hordes, were never considered honorable, on account of their numbers; and a nation, or nations, engaging in this would only augment the banditti, but could never sanctify the deed. I shall not, here, enter into the various manners of obtaining wealth; but would merely state, that any unjust acquisition of it ought to be punished by law. Wealth is generally the representation of labor, industry, and talent. If one man is industrious, enterprising, diligent, careful, and saves property, and his children follow in his steps, and accumulate wealth; and another man is careless, prodigal, and lazy, and his children inherit his poverty, I cannot conceive upon what principles of justice, the children of the idle and profligate have a right to put their hands into the pockets of those who are diligent and careful, and rob them of their purse. Let this principle exist, and all energy and enterprise would be crushed. Men would be afraid of again accumulating, lest they should again be robbed. Industry and talent would have no stimulant, and confusion and ruin would inevitably follow. Again, if you took men's property without their consent, the natural consequence would be that they would seek to retake it the first opportunity; and this state of things would only deluge the world in blood. So that let any of these measures be carried out, even according to the most sanguine hopes of the parties, they would not only bring distress upon others, but also upon themselves; certainly they would not bring about the peace of the world.

One thing more upon this subject, and I have done. In Europe, there has been of late years a great mania for revolutions

—a strong desire to establish republican governments; but let me remark here, that the form of government will not materially affect the position of the people, nor add to the resources of a country. If a country is rich and prosperous under a monarchy, it will be so under a republic, and *vice versa*. If poor under one, it will be under another. If nations think proper to change their form of government, they of course have a right to do so; but to think that this will ameliorate their condition, and produce happiness, is altogether a mistake. Happiness and peace are the gifts of God, and come from Him. Every kind of government has its good and evil properties. Rome was unhappy under a kingly government, and also under a republican form. Carthage as a republic was no more happy than many of its monarchical contemporaries; nor was Corinth, Holland, or Venice; and republican Genoa has not manifested anything very much in favor of these principles. France was unhappy under her emperor, she was unhappy under her kings, and is unhappy as a republic. America is perhaps some little exception to this; but the difference lies not so much in her government, as in the extent of her country, the richness of her soil, and abundance of her resources; for, as I have already mentioned, "Lynch law" prevails to an alarming extent in the south and west. In the state of New York, in the east, there are mobs painted as Indians resisting the officers of the law, and doing it with impunity; and it is a matter of doubt whether persons having paid for property, shall own it, or be dispossessed by their tenants, not in law, for the constitution and laws are good, but in practice defective, through popular clamor and violence. I refer to the estates of Van Ranseller and others; and, in the west, to Joseph and Hyrum Smith, who were murdered in Carthage jail, without any redress, although their murderers were known to the officers of state; and to the

inhabitants of a city, ten thousand in number, together with twenty thousand others, principally farmers, laborers, and mechanics, occupying a country about ten miles wide, and thirty long, most of which was well cultivated and owned by the occupants;—who were all forced by continual harassing by lawless mobs, to leave a country in which they could not be protected, and seek an asylum in a far off desert home, there being no power in the government to give redress.

It is altogether an infatuation to think that a change in government will mend the circumstances, or increase the resources, when the whole world is groaning under corruption. If there are twenty men who have twenty pounds of bread to divide amongst them, it matters but little whether it is divided by three, ten, or the whole, it will not increase the amount. I grant, however, that there are flagrant abuses, of which we have mentioned some, associated with all kinds of governments, and many things to be complained of justly; but they arise from the wickedness of men, and the corrupt and artificial state of society. Do away with one set of rulers, and you have only the same materials to make another of; and if ever so honestly disposed, they are surrounded with such a train of circumstances, over which they have no control, that they cannot mend them.

There is frequently much excitement on this subject; and many people ignorant of these things, are led to suppose that their resources will be increased, and their circumstances bettered; but when they find, after much contention, struggling, and bloodshed, that it does not rain bread, cheese, and clothing; that it is only a change of men, papers, and parchment, chagrin and disappointment naturally follow. There is much that is good, and much that is bad in all governments; and I am not seeking here to portray a perfect government, but to show some of the evils as-

sociated with them, and the utter incompetency of all the plans of men to restore a perfect government; and as all their plans have failed, so they will fail, for it is the work of God, and not of man. The moral agency of man without God, has had its full development; his weakness, his wickedness, and corruption, have placed the world where it is: he can see as in a glass his incompetency, and folly, and nothing but the power of God can restore it.

It is not to be wondered at, that those various plans should exist, for the world is in a horrible situation. Jesus prophesied of it, and said, there should be upon the earth "distress of nations, perplexity, men's hearts failing them, for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth," Luke 21: 25, 26. Men see these things, and their hearts fear; confusion, disorder, misery, blood, and ruin, seem to stare them in the face; and in the absence of something great, noble, and magnificent, suited to the exigency of the case, they try the foregoing remedies, as a sailor, in the absence of a boat, would cling with tenacity to any floating piece of wreck, to save him from a watery grave.

Neither can men be blamed for trying to do good; it is certainly a laudable object; and with all the selfishness, ambition, and pride, associated with the foregoing, it must be admitted that there is much uprightness, sincerity, and honest zeal.

There are very many philanthropists who would gladly ameliorate the condition of men, and of the world, if they knew how. But the means employed are not commensurate with the end; every grade of society is vitiated and corrupt. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." Our systems, our policy, our legislation, our education, and philosophy, are all wrong, neither can we be particularly blamed, for these evils have been the growth of ages. Our fathers have left God, his guidance, control, and support, and we have been

left to ourselves; and our present position is a manifest proof of our incompetency to govern; and our past failures make it evi-

dent, that any future effort, with the same means, would be as useless. The world is diseased, and it requires a world's remedy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP IN DEADLY CONFLICT.

ONE of the rarest as well as one of the most thrilling spectacles ever beheld by a human being, was witnessed off the coast of Alaska by Dr. and Mrs. L. Webster Fox, of Philadelphia, while on their way to Juneau. In a sea lashed by many big fish they saw a thresher shark and a swordfish attack a whale, and in a long and terrific battle slowly hack the great cetacean to death. Not only Dr. and Mrs. Fox, but an entire shipload of passengers were spectators at this combat.

Dr. Fox, who has recently returned to Philadelphia, gives an interesting account of the fierce conflict:

"We were on the steamer *Cottage City*, Captain Wallace," says Mr. Fox, "traveling northward through that wonderful inland sea, which stretches one thousand miles from Vancouver to Skagway.

"At 2 o'clock we were leaving Admiralty Island. The sheltered sound at this point is the play and feeding ground for countless whales, and on this memorable afternoon we had been running through a school scattered on either hand, blowing and diving and sleeping on the surface. Some one on board shouted that a thrasher was attacking a whale. The ship's speed was slackened, and as the eager passengers crowded to the rail, it gave a list to port. Man has never witnessed a more fearful conflict than that which occurred the next half hour.

"The thrasher is a most peculiar fish. While it is in shape the counterpart of a shark, its main weapon of offense, instead of its mouth is its tail, the tips of which are as hard as bone. Before the startled

whale could get into motion the long, black, flail-like tail we had seen poise and strike, repeated the blow three or four times in quick succession. The report of every blow came to us across the water, as though a man had slapped his thigh with his palm.

"Then the whale dived and it was plainly his intention to sweep the enemy from his hold by a rush. But neither fish remained under water long. With a leap like that of some monster brook trout, the whale cleared the surface, and for an instant formed a huge arch. He was free of the water from his head to the tip of his tail. As he dropped in again he began to squirm and struggle and churn with his tail until the sea seemed to boil for the space of an acre or more.

"Notwithstanding that up to this time we had noticed only the whale and the thrasher shark, it quickly became apparent that a third combatant was in the field. This combatant we soon learned was a swordfish, the thrasher's inevitable hunting companion. The swordfish grows to a length of twelve or fifteen feet, with a sword three or four feet long; and small as he is in comparison with the whale, he is capable of doing terrible execution with his weapon. It is an established fact that a large swordfish can ram through eight inches of oak.

"When the combat had continued for fifteen minutes the shark accomplished what appeared to be his objective point. He obtained a grip with his teeth upon the whale's jaw, and, as he clung there, delivered blow after blow upon his monster

enemy's quivering side. The swordfish did not leap fully out of the water, as did the other two, but it was plain from the behavior of the whale when he dived for a respite from the thrasher, that he was being given an uncomfortable time below.

"And so the fight raged. The whale, driven from the depths by the swordfish, would leap clear of the water, and then, falling back, would dash back and forth.

until finally the water was dyed red all about. At each convulsive leap toward the end of the fight, the whale seemed to grow weaker, while the thrasher and the swordfish maintained their strength. There was only one way for the battle to terminate, and so in the end the whale lay still upon the surface. He was dead. When all was over our ship gathered way and proceeded to the Klondike."

SELECTED POEMS.

JUST FOR FUN.

I WENT out hunting yesterday,
In bracing winter air,
And I shall tell, in language plain,
Just what I saw out there.

I saw a little mother-quail,
With her small children six,
All hiding in a big bush heap,
In a most dreadful fix.

A hawk was watching from a tree,
With fierce and eager eye;
A dog, with head and tail in line,
Was at a "stand" close by.

And I, a man, God's noblest work (?)
Was out, just having fun,
By making war on little birds,
With automatic gun.

The hawk was there in search of food,
With which to save his life;
The dog was there, at my command,
To aid me in the strife;

And I, who know the rules of right,
And murder's vile import,
Was out there, not in search of food
But killing just for sport.

Farm and Ranch.



A TERRIBLE TIME IN THE KITCHEN.

THE fork said the corkscrew was crooked,
The remark made the flatiron sad;
The steel-knife at once lost its temper,
And called the tea holder a cad;
The tablespoon stood on its mettle,
The kettle exhibited bile,
The stove grew hot at the discussion,
But the ice remained cool all the while.

The way that the cabbage and lettuce

Kept their heads was something sublime;
The greens dared the soup to mix with them.
And the latter while it hadn't much thyme,
Got so mad it boiled over—the fire
Felt put out and started to cry;
The oven then roasted the turkey,
And the cook gave the grease spot the lye.

You'd not think a thing that's so holey
As the seive would have mixed in the fuss,
But it did, for it said that the butter,
Was a slippery sort of a cuss.
No one knows how the row would have ended,
Had not the cook, Maggie O'Dowd,
(Her work being done) closed the kitchen,
And thusly shut up the whole crowd

Selected.



A PUZZLED NATURE STUDENT.

TO WRITE of the wonders of nature,
Is now the acceptable dodge;
To trace the Nennook's nomenclature,
And learn where the lorises lodge;
To set forth the habits of rabbits,
To sum up the porcupine's spines,
To mention the uses of mooses,
And tell how the ocelot dines.

To teach us to know the gorilla,
And how to tell llamas from lambs;
To coach us about the chinchilla;
And state the best way to tame clams;

But still with two questions I wrangle,
And help will not come at my call,
Why an angleworm hasn't an angle—
And a mongoose is no goose at all.

Selected.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - FEBRUARY 15, 1907

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WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS.



SOME time ago the school board of San Francisco promulgated an order requiring separate schools for oriental children which included the Japanese as well as the Chinese and the Coreans. China being used to such discriminations made no protest, but the Japanese resented the discrimination made against their people in the United States. The Japanese newspapers took up the question in a spirit of retaliation and made protests to the federal government at Washington. It looked very much as though the Japanese might commence a series of retaliations which would be very greatly detrimental to our commerce in the far east.

Japan is the virtual master of Manchuria where we find a market for the products of our cotton mills to the extent of something

like forty million dollars a year. All this it would be quite easy for the Japanese to cut off. The trade between our Pacific states and the ports of eastern Asia amounted in 1897 to seventy-five million dollars. It had increased up to the end of the fiscal year of 1906 to one hundred and forty million dollars, and this is small compared with the future prospects of our trade in the orient.

The manufacturing states on the East were quite alarmed over the situation which the people of San Francisco were creating, and the President of the United States in his message to Congress denounced in the strongest terms the action of the school board of San Francisco. It is quite evident that a series of retaliations by Japan against us would result in extreme bitterness between that country and the United States. The prospects of such a retaliation gave rise to serious speculations about war between the two countries as a result. Now the papers of the United States are actively discussing what this country might do in such an emergency.

Serious questions have arisen respecting our attitude towards Great Britain for having formed with Japan an alliance that would practically pit that empire against us in case of a war with Japan. The papers of our country have been figuring out the tactical movements of an army, have been explaining how we might cut off, in case of a war, England from her food supplies, and how we would invade Canada. England has been criticized for not excluding the United States from the terms of her alliance with Japan. Our newspapers have been asking what England would do in case of a war with Japan. The London

Standard answers by saying that Great Britain would keep her compact with her oriental ally. Then we began to figure on our resources in the friendships of other countries and asking what Germany would do in case England attacked us. Germany is cultivating our sympathies and hopes to win our support in case of a European war.

In all these discussions there is a cold-bloodedness and withal a good nature that are truly remarkable. What is peculiar about these discussions is the matter-of-course spirit in which they are conducted. No one seems to object to the harmful results that may come from such war-like speculations, and no fear about the ability to create wars by such discussions and speculations manifests itself. People have discussed more or less the probability of war in times past, but the present discussion has about it a matter of fact aspect that is truly remarkable, and one wonders how long it will take before such discussions bring on serious trouble to the peace of the world.

SUNDAY IN FRANCE.

THE people of France, especially those in Paris and the larger cities have long shown an indifferent regard for the Sabbath day. France, nominally Catholic, is largely infidel, and religious interest in the Lord's day has for decades been waning. The constant wear and tear of unremitting toil uninterrupted by a weekly day of rest has had its effect upon the toiling masses who of late years have been rebelling against such unbearable conditions.

On July 13, 1906, an act to provide one day's rest in seven was passed and came into force on the 2nd day of the following September. The law providing a day of rest was couched in some eight lines, but it is said that the exceptions for such purposes as transportation, hotels, hospitals,

and certain means of communication required eighty lines.

The magistrates and those empowered to grant exceptions to the general rule are now occupied in determining just what the exceptions to the rule ought to be. The French have made the experiment and are convinced of the physical if not of the religious necessity for a weekly day of rest.



SPECIAL ITEMS OF INSTRUCTION CONCERNING STAKE CONFERENCES.

1.—In order to properly consider the reports of ward superintendents, the stake secretary should arrange a summary of the questions and answers and hand the same attached to the original reports to the visiting members of the General Board at the first opportunity, after their arrival at the place of holding the Conference.

2.—It will be noticed that the subject to be treated upon at the morning meeting has been changed somewhat since the first publication in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The paper was intended to treat upon *Union* meetings especially, and the Superintendents are requested to follow the printed fold program, copies of which are enclosed herewith. The Stake Superintendency should appoint leaders to begin the discussion of the paper.

3.—In arranging for the "class demonstration" in the afternoon only those should be appointed who are able to make themselves heard at the extreme end of the building. Remember, this is intended to be a public exhibition and ceases to be of interest or value unless it can be heard by all.

*The Deseret Sunday School
Union Board.*



REVISED LIST OF STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES FOR 1907.

January 27th, Box Elder, Utah.
February 10th, Beaver.

February 17th, Cache, Ensign, Maricopa, Juab.

February 24th, Wasatch, Pioneer.

March 10th, Tooele.

March 11th, Juarez, St. George.

March 17th, Utah, Summit, Benson Weber.

March 24th, Salt Lake.

March 31st, Union, St. Joseph.

April 14th, Snowflake, Pocatello.

April 21st, St. John, Bear Lake, Blackfoot, Nebo.

April 28th, Davis, Malad, Sevier.

May 12th, Fremont, Granite, Hyrum.

May 19th, Parowan, North Sanpete, Morgan.

May 26th, Woodruff, Wayne, Bingham.

June 9th, Millard, Taylor, Teton.

June 16th, Alberta, Star Valley.

June 23rd, Bannock, Cassia.

June 30th, Oneida, Emery, Union.

July 14th, Kanab.

July 21st, Panguitch.

August 11th, San Luis.

August 18th, San Juan.

CURRENT TOPICS.

ESPERANTO.

CAN a language be manufactured, or is it a growth peculiar to the thoughts and feelings of the human soul? Efforts have been made to construct a universal language, a language that should be so simple that it could be learned by different nationalities without great trouble.

Language has played an important part in the history of the human race. It has been the symbol of conquest; and nations in their conquests have undertaken to assimilate the conquered by forcing upon them the languages of the conquerors.

There is too a national ambition respecting language. The English-speaking nations hoped to see their language some day become all but universal. The French has been a language of diplomacy. Statesmen of Europe have found a diplomatic career quite impossible without it. There are really only two languages that may be said are worthy of serious consideration so far as world languages go: they are the English and the French. The German and the Russian are too difficult. The Italian, the Spanish, and the Scandinavian languages have not behind them a literature that would justify their universal adoption. The English and the French are not only simple in their form but have been made powerful in their literary expressions. It

is said to learn English one needs seven weeks of study; to learn French, seven months; to learn German, seven years. None of these nations is at all likely in a national way to concede to the other any supremacy in the universal application of a single language.

Men have thought therefore that the great need of a universal language must be supplied by some new, intelligent creation that shall be flexible enough to meet all national demands. To meet such a world-felt want, a Russian, Dr. Zamenhof, whose father and whose father's father before him were teachers of languages in Russia, has given us a new language styled Esperanto. It has evidently commended itself to many linguists in Europe where it is pursued with great enthusiasm. Europe really needs a language in common. We are told that already this new language has a considerable literature and that more than thirty different journals are published in it, and that thousands of persons in different parts of the world correspond and converse by means of it.

The *North American Review* has already begun the publication of the books used as readers in developing a knowledge of the language among its students. The author says: "In a few weeks at the most every one is able to master it completely and to use it fluently." Dr. Zamenhof

speaks as a Russian; but perhaps no other people in the world, except it be the Jews, can learn languages with the rapidity of a Russian. The words have some resemblance to the Latin and French; indeed, Esperanto would seem to be based upon the principle of the Romance languages than upon the Germanic tongues. The Romance languages, the French, Spanish, and Italian being the simplest in the world.



GOOD NEWS FROM MEXICO.

OUR colonists in Mexico have long been handicapped by the narrow enclosures of land fit for agriculture to which they could secure a title. The best lands about them have been in the possession of landed proprietors or great cattle companies. As the land is not taxed, these enormous tracts of country have simply been held by men and corporations that could afford to keep them until higher prices obtained.

Recently the death of Lord Beresford has opened for purchase the San Pedro ranch of more than two hundred and thirty thousand acres. Lord Beresford was one of those Englishmen of rank whose relatives preferred, because of the imbibing habits to which he was addicted, to keep him in a foreign land. Lord Beresford's death has thrown this land onto the market at a price that seems really enticing, namely, \$1.50 per acre. While the water for the ranch is quite insufficient during the summer season, the opportunities for impounding it are sufficient to put a very large proportion of this tract under cultivation. However, it is remarkable how much can be raised in that country, especially corn, without water, except that which comes in rain. It is very seriously believed that the colonists there have yet no really comprehensive idea of what may be done in their part of Chihuahua in dry farming.

Through private correspondence it is learned that there are some prospects of securing a part or all of the great Corallitos ranch. This enormous ranch contains more than a million acres. It has some of the best agricultural land in the world. The people of Dublan, whose limited agricultural land joins the Corallitos ranch, really need an expansion of their fields in order to employ their capital and their labor—especially their labor. Two of their representative men are now in Utah in quest of settlers, especially those with means, to secure the tract of land known as the San Pedro ranch which is already open to purchase. The views and recommendations of President Ivins with respect to Lord Beresford's holdings are certainly worthy of earnest consideration by those who may be interested in the purchase of Mexican lands. President Ivins has both the wisdom and the conservatism that make his recommendations valuable to those who may wish good opportunities to colonize fertile lands that may now be had at a mere nominal expense.

The climate of Mexico where these great ranches are located is very pleasant. The winters are moderately warm and the summers not excessively hot. The extension of the mining industry in the northern part of Chihuahua will make the markets all that could reasonably be desired. What the people need is an opportunity to buy lands at first price and not to buy lands which have artificial values put upon them by speculators.



CANADA'S FUTURE.

THAT the great expansive Northwest provinces of Canada are soon to become the centers of a large farming population there can be no doubt. Twenty years ago the lands that are today producing wheat at the rate of from 30 to 50 bushels per acre were considered fit only for roving

herds of cattle and buffalo and not at all likely to ever come under the cultivation of the farmer.

Since the great possibilities of these prairie lands became known, the Canadian government began an active campaign to secure emigration from foreign lands. Every fall the government takes an inventory of its year's work and each year shows an increase of emigrants over its predecessor. The last year, 1905-6, showed the arrival of one hundred and eighty-nine thousand immigrants in the Dominion as compared with one hundred and forty-six thousand during the year 1904-5. This is an increase of forty-five thousand. Practically all of these new comers are settling in the regions of the Northwest beyond Winnipeg.

Every year the Canadian Pacific railroad at harvest time carries for a few dollars farm help from the thickly settled parts of eastern Canada to the prairies of the Northwest. If these farm hands care to return, they are carried back at an equally low rate. Last year the railroad shipped to the west twenty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty men. This is an increase of six thousand five hundred over the preceding year. It is estimated that forty out of every hundred men that go west as farm help remain.

The statistics of the immigration department show that during the fiscal year ending September 30th, 1906, fifty thousand homesteaders went into western Canada and took up twelve thousand five hundred square miles of land. At the present rate of increase in immigration, it will not be many years before the two hundred and fifty million acres of prairie land in northwest Canada will all be taken up and the larger part of it be put under cultivation. The eight million acres homesteaded last year is not probably equal to

the amount purchased. We on this side of the line hardly realize the marvelous transformation going on in Canada today.

Next spring will in all probability witness the opening of the large Cochrane ranch of sixty-seven thousand acres purchased recently by the Church. This ranch is located in one of the most desirable places in all Canada. It lies between the Kootnai and the Belly rivers. There will be easy access for the cattle to these rivers; and just west of this great ranch are the foot hills of the mountains of British Columbia. Farther beyond are vast tracts of timber land. A more ideal place for colonization than the great Cochrane ranch cannot easily be imagined.

Its settlers will not only enjoy the opportunities of large pasture lands in the foot hills and the timber districts beyond, but they will find markets for their products in the mines that are constantly being opened in British Columbia. Every indication also points to great oil fields in the neighboring region. Small wells have been discovered, and although the flow is too small for commercial purposes, there is no doubt that oil wells will become some day a prominent feature in the commercial development of southwestern Alberta.

The little town of Cardston to which this ranch is now tributary is putting in an electric plant and water works. The people there feel the impulse of a coming prosperity. Truly the future of Alberta is pregnant with great promise.

Sixty-two millions were expended on railroads in Canada for 1906. Secretary Root is paying a visit to Earl Gray, governor of Canada. It is to be hoped that some arrangements between the two countries may be made to break down partially if not wholly the tariff barrier between them.

REVISION OF THE OUTLINES.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT (THIRD YEAR.)

Church History.

MARCH.

LESSON 7.—REMOVAL OF THE CHURCH TO OHIO.

1. The Lamanite mission.
 1. Its beginnings (Book of Mormon, II Nephi, 30: 3-6; Ether, 13: 8; One Hundred Year of Mormonism—Evans, p. 121.)
 2. Missionaries called (Doctrine and Covenants, 28: 8; also 30: 5; and section 32; History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 118; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 121-2.)
 3. The Mission in Ohio.
 - a. The journey thither.
 - b. At Mentor—Sidney Rigdon converted.
 - c. At Kirtland—branch organized.
 - d. Fifty miles west of Kirtland (History of the Church Vol. I., pp. 121-25; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 122-24; P. P. Pratt's Autobiography, pp. 49-54.)

II. The Removal.

1. Rigdon and Partridge visit the Prophet (History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 128; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, p. 124.)
2. commandment to gather in Ohio (Doctrine and Covenants, 37: 3; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans p. 125).
- 3 Joseph goes to Kirtland (History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 125-6—footnote; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 125-6.)

4. The Saints generally remove to Ohio (One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, p. 126; History of the Prophet—Lucy Smith, pp. 174—84.)

III. Reasons for the Westward Movement.

1. Reasons sometimes given as lying in—
 - a. Cowardice in the leader.
 - b. Love of ignorance and seclusion (One Hundred Years of Mormonism, Evans, p. 127.)
2. The true explanation lies in—
 - a. The larger field for the development of the Church in the West. The surface reason, of course, is that the Lord commanded the removal. (One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 127-8.)

IV. The New Home.

1. Description of Kirtland and vicinity (One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, p. 129.)
2. Other places in northeastern Ohio:
 - a. Mentor.
 - b. Thompson.
 - c. Hiram.
 - d. Orange, Cuyahoga Co.
 - e. Amherst, Loraine Co.
3. Preparative work in Ohio (Campbellite faith)
 - a. Beginnings of the movement.
 - b. Fundamental teachings (so far at least as to furnish a preparation for receiving the Gospel.
 1. Teachings regarding interpretation of the scriptures.
 2. Ideas concerning faith, repentance, and baptism (One Hundred Years

of Mormonism—Evans pp. 129-31; Missouri Persecutions—Roberts, pp. 26, 27.)

GENERAL NOTE.—All the references in this lesson under any given heading are more or less duplications of the general subject, and hence no more than one need be read by the student. But they do not cover precisely the same ground, Pratt's Autobiography and Lucy Smith's History of the Prophet, for instance, give the topics referred to more in detail than the other works mentioned. The teacher should, however, be acquainted with both classes of books, the general and the detailed.

Another point: It should be noted that this is the first intimation that we have of the gathering and likewise of the idea of the westward movement of the Church.

LESSON 8.—ZION—PAST, PRESENT AND TO COME.

- I. The Lamanite Mission again.
 1. Who the missionaries were.
 2. Their journey to Missouri (One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 135, 136; P. P. Pratt's Autobiography, pp. 54-6.)
 3. Preaching to the Indians (One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 136, 137; Pratt's Autobiography, pp. 56-60.)
 4. Meeting at Independence and return of Parley P. Pratt to Ohio (One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans p. 137; Pratt's Autobiography, pp. 61-64.)
 5. Results of the Mission (One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, p. 138.)
2. The Saints' interest in Zion.
 1. So far as concerned the past.
 - a. It is the place where the Garden of Eden was.
 1. So far as concerned the future.

- a. It is the place of the New Jerusalem.

III. The Founding of Zion.

1. First revelations concerning (Doctrine and Covenants 28: 9; 42: 9, 35).
2. Location made known.
 - a. Missionaries called (Doctrine and Covenants, section 52).
 - b. Journey to Missouri (History of the Church, vol. I, pp. 175-196; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 40, 41; Missouri Persecutions—Roberts, pp. 38-46).
 - c. Revelations concerning (Doctrine and Covenants, 57: 2-4). The whole revelation should be studied, or at least read; for it deals directly upon this topic.

IV. The land and the City of Zion.

1. Description of, in 1831 (History of the Church, vol. I, pp. 197, 198; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 142, 143; Missouri Persecutions—Roberts, pp. 47-50).
2. Establishing the Colesville branch at Kaw township (History of the Church, vol. I, p. 196; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, p. 144; Missouri Persecutions—Roberts, p. 54).
3. Dedications of—
 - a. The land (by Sidney Rigdon), and
 - b. The temple site (by Prophet Joseph) (History of the Church, vol. I, pp. 196 (foot note), and 199; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 144, 145; Missouri Persecutions—Roberts, p. 44).
4. The plat for the city (History of the Church, vol. I, pp. 357-362; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—

ism—Evans, pp. 143-144; Missouri Persecutions—Roberts, pp. 51-53).

V. The Saints and their Missouri neighbors.

1. The Saints mainly from the North, the Missourians largely from the South.
2. Hence the latter were slave-holders, while the former were not.
3. And hence, further, there was less tendency in the Mormons to a leisurely life.
4. Besides, the religion of the Saints was obnoxious to the Missourians (History of the Church, vol. I, p. 198; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 146-149; Missouri Persecutions—Roberts, pp. 75-81).

VI. Migrations to Missouri (One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 145, 146; Missouri Persecutions—Roberts, pp. 69-73).

General Note.—One of the essential points in this lesson is the pledge made by the Saints at the dedication of the Land of Zion—it serves to explain much that would be otherwise obscure in the expulsion of the Saints from Jackson county, Missouri.

LESSON 9.—LITERARY LABORS OF THE PROPHET.

I. Inspired Revision of the Hebrew Scriptures.

1. The necessity for such revision.
2. A "revision," not a "translation."
3. When begun and completed.
4. Some results of the Revision.
 - a. It corrects mistakes of men.
 - b. It gives us "many plain and precious things" which had been left out.
5. Revelations growing out of the Revision.
 - a. The writings of Moses as contained in the Pearl of Great

Price. (Probably the best way to get at this topic is to make an assignment of it to some member of the class, who will be able to tell the differences between this and the King James Translation, and relate some of the most interesting narratives and doctrines of the Prophet's Revision).

- b. The explanation of I Cor. 7: 14.
- c. The Great Vision (Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 76; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 150-160).

II. Apostates and Mobocrats.

1. Ezra Booth and Simonds Ryder.
 - a. Their conversion.
 - b. Their apostasy.
2. Joseph at the Johnson home.
3. The Johnson house broken into and Joseph mobbed.
4. Sidney Rigdon mobbed.
5. The Prophet preaches the following day.

General references: History of the Church, vol. I, pp. 259-266; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 160-164; Missouri Persecutions—Roberts, pp. 57-60).

III. The Writings of Abraham.

1. What these writings are and where found.
2. How they came into Joseph's possession.
3. What became of the original manuscripts.
4. Some of the truths the writings contain.

General references: History of the Church, vol. II, pp. 235-237, and pp. 348-351; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 164, 165).

IV. The Doctrine and Covenants Published.

1. Preparation for publication.

2. The first publication of the Book and its acceptance by the Church.
3. Subsequent history of the Book.
 - a. Later editions.
 - b. Translation into foreign languages.
 - c. Division into verses and addition of footnotes.
4. Contents and testimony of the Book.
 - a. Lectures on faith.
 - b. The revelations.
 - c. Expressions of belief.
 - d. Testimonies of the truth of the Book.

General reference: The best and most easily accessible work of information on this subject is the Mutual Improvement Manual for 1906-7. This topic may be assigned to one or more members of the class, to be abridged and presented to the rest.

ABOUT INSECTS.

MUSICAL INSECTS.

It has been scientifically established that the throats of insects have nothing to do with the production of their music, but that nature has provided them with a special "instrument" for this purpose. In most cases this instrument, at least in principle, strikingly resembles a rudimentary violin.

Winged musical insects may be divided into two groups—insects that do not use their wings, and those that use them for the production of sounds. The second class is by far the more numerous.

It is a noteworthy fact that all insects are tenors, and that low bass voices are entirely unknown; the musicians are always the males, while the females are mute. Many insects sing by day, such as the black field cricket, while others sing by night, such as the house cricket, or harvest fly.

The apparatus used by these insects resembles a violin, the hind part of their bodies being partly covered with small elevations or edges, against which the wings are rubbed, which causes the sound characteristic of the insect. Other insects such as the grasshopper and its kindred, have real bows covered with fine elevations, which are attached to the wings.

Others have hollows over which a fine membrane is drawn, which act as resonators. With most insects of this kind a parchment-like part of the body serves as a kind of sounding board.

✱

THE WHITE ANT'S APPETITE.

"If ever a pest existed to plague the human family, white ants fill the bill," said Richard Douglas, of Bulawayo, South Africa.

There is nothing they will not devour except corrugated iron. They will eat your shoes, your hat, your trousers, and I've had them utterly destroy a fine leather valise. An adobe hut offers no resistance to their invasion, and only hard bricks resist their attacks.

The foundations of houses are protected with tin to keep them out. They are bred in myriads by a queen ant which is fully three inches long, and which is estimated to produce 500,000 of her progeny each day. The government offers a substantial cash bonus for each queen destroyed.

There has as yet been found no successful method of exterminating them, although great hope is had of a new invention, a machine that will scatter fumes of sulphuric acid in the ranks of the devouring armies.

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

XX.

My Dear Son:

My last letter was so long that I could not say to you all that I wanted to say about silence. It has another virtue, which if you will carefully observe through life will do much for your happiness and general welfare. There is a moral side to silence. We often destroy friendships that silence would preserve to us if we controlled our feelings in moments of anger. You may accept it as a general rule of life that in moods of anger and disappointment you are safer to be silent than you are to speak. Anger as often arises from those conditions of life to which we are subject, as from what others say and do. When misunderstandings are removed and our reason gains control of us, we see our mistake, but the words spoken in a fit of anger cannot easily be recalled.

It is better to keep your opinions in silence and to guard your feelings and control them until some real necessity arises for giving them expression. It is said that "Men are seldom sorry for holding their tongue." But how often they are sorry when they lose control of it. Such saws as the following ought to be remembered by every boy:

"Short tempers often go with long tongues."

"If a donkey brays at you, don't bray at him."

"Answers are honors to a scold, and maketh her spirit still more bold."

There are of course, times when one is compelled to resent in forceful language, a wrong, or to resent an unjust accusation by another. It is a matter therefore of great wisdom to know when to speak and just what to say where it is necessary to contradict. Disputes may be classified under two heads: Disputes that effect our personal integrity and disputes that have

no personal relation to us. If in our conduct, we are upright, truthful and sincere we shall as a rule, have little occasion to dispute, and when we do speak, we speak as one having authority; the authority of a correct and conscientious life. In such cases goodness is a most excellent guide to wisdom. Disputations, however, about things that do not touch us personally, are, as a rule, of doubtful value. It is neither wise nor pleasurable to raise an issue whenever others make statements that are not in harmony with our views. You are not called upon to be a judge of other men's opinions. One's words are likely to be harmful in a public way, or harmful to those with whom he is speaking. Some modification of them, if they can possibly be modified, may be a duty you owe to him, but the mere fact that you do not agree is no excuse for raising a controversy every time something is said about which you have your doubts.

Some boys imagine that it is a sign of intelligence to be able to argue and they therefore fall into the erroneous idea that they must argue every time they have an opportunity, and their anxiety becomes so great to argue that they are willing to take any side of the question for the sake of argument. Such a practice has a tendency to undermine the moral as well as the intellectual character of a man. Such a person must in time have less and less respect for his own arguments which come to have as little meaning to him as they have to others. It robs a man also of his sincerity and his earnestness. Arguments to be effective should really come from the heart. Those men who are always ready for an argument usually become obnoxious to those with whom they converse, and in time they are shunned by their fellow-men as a sort of nuisance. When they are thus shunned they often im-

agine that people do not care to argue or talk with them because of their ability to argue down their opponents.

Reserve forces are always an advantage to a man, whether they be reserve forces of thought, reserve forces of wealth or other power. They are resources upon which men may draw in emergencies. The man who expends his thoughts as fast he gets them has nothing in reserve, and what is worse, he sends his thoughts forth in an unfinished state, and such thoughts are not

the most valuable. Men are not admired and respected so much for what they have said as for what people think them able to say. If therefore by your silence you are not only accumulating, but improving your thoughts which you are preparing to give forth when necessary, you command the respect of those who feel that there is something in you. A serious and discreet silence is evidence of a wealth of resources which every man should desire.

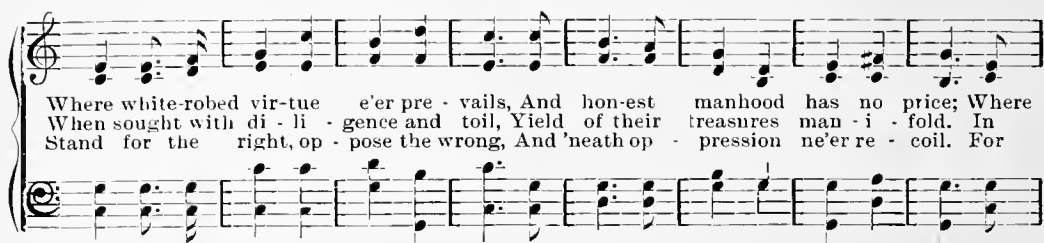
UTAH, THE STAR OF THE WEST.

Words and Music by O. P. Huish.

March time. Resoluto.



1. There is a land whose sun - ny vales Are fair as dreams of par - a - dise,
2. How rich and fertile is thy soil! How vast the wealth thy mountains hold!
3. Then sing her praises loud and long, Ye sons and daughters of her soil.

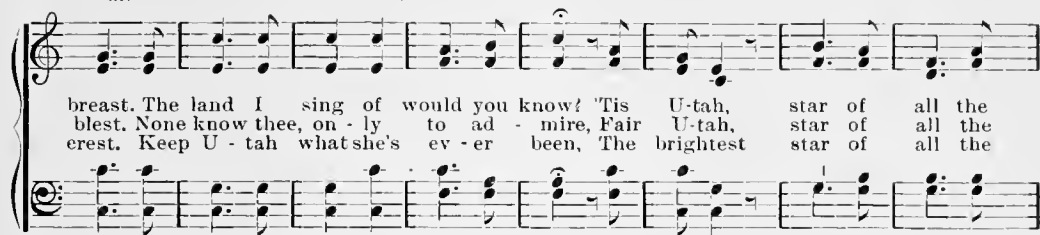


Where white-robed vir-tue e'er pre - vails, And hon-est manhood has no price; Where
When sought with di - li - gence and toil, Yield of their treasures man - i - fold. In
Stand for the right, op - pose the wrong, And 'neath op - pression ne'er re - coil. For



mountains capped with vir - gin snow, Pure as the babe on moth - er's
all the range of man's de - sire, Thou art a land di - vine - ly
truth and hon - or let your mien Be loft - y as the moun - tain

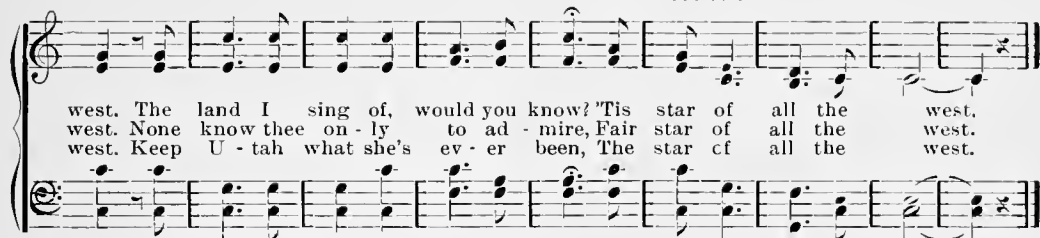
mf



breast. The land I sing of would you know? 'Tis U-tah, star of all the
blest. None know thee, on - ly to ad - mire, Fair U-tah, star of all the
crest. Keep U - tah what she's ev - er been, The brightest star of all the

mf

Poco rit.



west. The land I sing of, would you know? 'Tis star of all the west.
west. None know thee on - ly to ad - mire, Fair star of all the west.
west. Keep U - tah what she's ev - er been, The star of all the west.

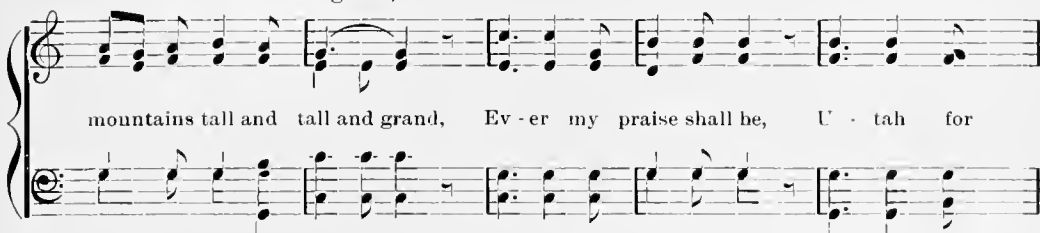
CHORUS.

land,




U - tah, U - tah, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, land, Fair are thy val - leys, thy
beautiful land,


grand,



mountains tall and tall and grand, Ev - er my praise shall be, U - tah for



thine and thee, Land of the brave and free: U - tah the star of the west.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

PEACE, GOODWILL!

A kindly thought will never come in vain;
 Yet thoughts soon die if suffered to remain
 Unused, inactive, clogging heart and brain;
 Let me ne'er smother helpful impulse thus.
 When Heavenly Father gives me generous
 thought,
 Let me believe some blessing should be
 wrought
 For some one, some where; let the chance be
 sought,
 And some poor, answered prayer made mar-
 velous.

But when a thought, un-Christ-like and unkind,
 Enters my soul, disturbing heart and mind,—
 Envy or selfishness, or both combined—
 Such thought, or feeling I would quickly kill.
 It should not live to grow and to extend,
 And make me injure or distrust a friend;
 I would not voice it, all my words must blend
 With that blest angel chorus—Peace, Goodwill!

I love you, Dear Ones, let me say it now!
 I think of you when before Heaven I bow,
 And ask that God will all best things allow
 For each one's present and eternal good.
 My Dear Ones! let us in sweet union live,
 Nor thoughtless speak, hearts are so sensitive;
 What seems unfair, let's readily forgive,
 And simply say, 'twas but misunderstood.

And oh, my Friends—I prize your friendship
 now!

I will not wait death's touch on either brow;
 If I have hurt you, kindly tell me how,
 So I may prove that good was meant, not ill.
 For sudden death today seems in the air;
 A heart may cease its throbbings anywhere
 At any moment; oh, my soul, prepare!
 With all the world and Heaven hold Peace,
 Goodwill!

L. L. Greene Richards.

January, 1907.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND BENEDICT ARNOLD; OR, KINDNESS AND CRUELTY.



HE tenderness with which
 George Washington regarded
 his mother's feelings as a boy,
 shows what a kind, loving
 nature must have been his.

Many of you, children, are
 doubtless familiar with the story that is
 told, how General Washington, when
 quite young, was about to go to sea as a
 midshipman. All arrangements were
 made, the ship lay opposite his father's
 house, the small boat had come to the
 landing to take him off, and his whole
 heart was bent on taking this, his first voy-
 age. His trunk was taken down to the
 boat, and he went to bid his mother good-
 by, when he saw the tears bursting from
 her eyes.

George said nothing to his mother about
 it, but seeing she would be distressed if he
 went and perhaps never be happy again,
 he turned to a servant and said:

"Go, tell them to bring my trunk back.
 I will not go away and break my mother's
 heart."

His mother was struck with his changed
 decision, and said to him, "George, God
 has promised to bless children who honor
 their parents, and I believe He will bless
 you."

Washington was also very careful and
 considerate of dumb animals. His horses
 and dogs always received the kindest at-
 tention, and no living creature under his
 care ever suffered a pang that he had
 power to save it from.

The exact opposite [of Washington's character is that shown in stories related of Benedict Arnold, the only General in the American Revolution who disgraced his country.

General Arnold had superior military talent, great energy and remarkable courage. And in the beginning of his military career, he distinguished himself in several successful battles which he managed.

Had his character been equal to his talents, he would have won a place beside Washington and Greene, surpassed by them only in ability and achievement. But he is said to have begun life badly. As a boy he was never] a favorite because of his selfishness and cruelty. He took delight in torturing insects and birds, that he might watch their sufferings. He would scatter pieces of glass and tacks on the floor of the shop he tended, and be amused to see barefooted boys who came on errands go away with wounded and bleeding feet.

That selfish, cruel disposition indulged in boyhood, grew stronger in manhood. It went with him into the army. He was disliked by the soldiers and distrusted by the officers, in spite of his bravery. And at last he became a traitor to his country.

Now, while our whole country reverences and honor George Washington, the kind boy and man, celebrating his birthday on the Twenty-second of February, no one cares to remember much about Benedict Arnold, the cruel boy, who grew to be an unfeeling, hard-hearted man, even though, in one sense, he was brave.

MARY GRACE.



THE LETTER-BOX.

Santa Claus in Primary.

PRESTON, IDAHO.

I am eight years old. I was born in Smithfield, Utah, but I now live in the

First ward at Preston, Idaho. We have a very good Sunday School and Primary here. Our Primary gave a concert two weeks ago, and dear old Santa Claus gave us a visit. Our Sunday School class is a large one. It is the primary grade. Our teacher is very kind to us. Her name is Mrs. Jennie S. Barton,

GWENDOLYN V. THOMAS

[You did not get your charade right, Gwendolyn, nor send the answer.—ED.]



Parents Visit Big Horn.

DEWEYVILLE, UTAH.

There are two sisters and five brothers of us. We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and love to read the good letters and stories in it. We go to Sunday School, day school, Primary and Religion Class, and like them all. Our Bishop's name is George C. Dewey. We like to skate and sleigh ride. Our papa and mama spent Christmas in the Big Horn country and had a good time. Our grandma has been sick for a week, but is now better. We hope you all have had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your little friends,

LYDIA DEWEY, 13 years old;

JOHN C. DEWEY, 10 years old;

EDWIN DEWEY, 8 years old.



A Fine Sunday School.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I thought I would write to the Letter-Box. My father takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I go to the 19th ward Sunday School. We have a lovely Sunday School. I am in the primary class. I like all the girls in my class. We have had a few boys go on missions from our ward. I am seven years old. I have one brother and one sister. My grandma is living yet. She is 63 years old and is still quite spry. I like to read the stories in the JUVENILE.

I have had one sister die when she was a sweet little baby.

ETHEL BURGESS.

Grandma Works in the Temple.

SALT LAKE CITY.

This is the first time I have written to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I love to read the little stories in it. I am 9 years old. I go to the 19th ward Sunday School. I love to go to Sunday School. I have a lot of little friends. I like them very much. I have one brother and one sister younger than myself. My grandma works in the temple. She is quite old, but she likes to read the JUVENILE, too.

HAZEL BURGESS.

Sick for a Month.

CENTER, UTAH.

I have not read any letters from this place yet, so I will write to the Letter-Box. I love to read the JUVENILE, and I love the story of "The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville," and I hope the next story that will be published will be as good. I love to go to Sunday School, Primary and Religion Class. I hope the little boys and girls of this place will take an interest in writing to the Letter-Box. My papa is the Bishop of this ward. His counselors are Brother Jensen and Brother Hansen. I have been sick for a month, and I know that our Heavenly Father has healed me. I am 12 years old.

ANNIE HARVEY.

A Sister's Death.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

We like the Letter-Box and the stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. We go to the 19th ward Sunday School, and are much interested in it. We have a good

Sunday School. Several missionaries have been sent from our ward during the past year. One of our sisters was sick for eight months. She died the Friday after Christmas. There are ten sisters of us still.

Our grandma is 78 years old, and she works in the temple. We live on Almond street.

We send our love to all our friends.

ALICE COLLETT, 11 years old.

LOWELLA COLLETT, 10 years old.

His Sister Writes for Him.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I have heard so many pretty stories that I thought I would write a little letter. I am only 5 years old, and my sister has to write for me. I am going to start to go to Sunday School every Sunday. I have two sisters living and one sister dead.

CHARLEY BURGESS.

Brothers Take Missionary Course and Juvenile Instructor.

RIGBY, IDAHO.

I am a little girl 10 years old. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Arrowsmith. I have four brothers and five sisters. My eldest brother is taking a missionary course at the Ricks Academy. I have another brother taking the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I love to read the little Letter-Box. I have two sisters married. I like to go to Sunday School and all the little meetings.

LILA CALL.

Little Aunt Died.

SALT LAKE CITY.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and we like it very much. I go to Sunday School every Sunday and love my teacher. I had a dear little aunt that always went

with me to Sunday School, but she died, I am the oldest boy. I have two little brothers and one little sister. I am 9 years old.

JOSEPH DANGERFIELD.



Letter, Answer and Charade.

FRANKLIN, IDAHO.

We have had the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in our home for a good many years. I love to read the letters and make out the charades. I will send one composed of fifteen letters,

2, 3, 11, 13, a part of the body.
12, 3, 15, something we all enjoy being.
5, 8, 1, 1, 15, a domestic animal.
6, 10, 11, 12, something a bird does.
1, 3, 7, a game.
9, 3, 1, a large vessel for water.
The whole is a day we celebrate.
I am 13 years old.

LAURA NASH.



A Visit From Grandma.—Meetings in Private Houses.

SUMMERVILLE, UNION CO., OREGON.

This is my first letter to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I read the children's letters and enjoy them very much. I have four sisters and one brother. My brother, one sister and myself go to school. Our grandma came and spent the summer with us. She lives away down in Old Mexico. There are only a few Mormons in Summerville. We hold our Sunday School and meetings in private houses. It was at our house last Sunday. I am 9 years old.

GENEVIEVE THORNTON.



Misleading Pictures.

MURRAY, UTAH.

This is my first letter. I am 8 years old. I go to Sunday School, Primary and Re-

ligion Class. And they say angels don't have wings, but I saw a picture in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR where they do have wings.

DAISY DAVIES.

[DEAR DAISY:—The pictures you have seen which show angels with wings, are not correct. They are made by people who have not learned the truth about heavenly beings, as it was taught to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Angels came to him, and he saw and talked with them. And one thing he learned about them is, that they do not have wings, but have power to move through the air and go up to heaven from earth without wings. What your teachers say about this is right.—ED.]



Letter and Charade.

FRANKLIN, IDAHO.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I think it is very nice. I like to read the letters and charades. I have guessed some of them. I will send a charade which I have made up. It is composed of seven letters.

4, 5, 6, 7, a girl's name.
2, 3, 1, is to come apart.
2, 5, 7, is a boy's name.

The whole is some place where little boys and girls should like to go.

I am 15 years old.

NELLIE NASH.



Grandma Remembers the Prophet Joseph—Charade.

FARMINGTON, UTAH.

I have been very interested in your letters and stories, especially "The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville." All of my grandparents were pioneers and crossed the plains. My grandma remembers when as a child she sat upon the Prophet Joseph's knee.

I send a charade composed of eleven letters.

5, 9, 10, a large part of a donkey's head.

6, 8, 11, 10, a prophet.

7, 8, 9, 10, a fruit.

8, 10, 9, a period of time—name of a journal.

9, 10, 3, a girl's name.

10, 9, 4, 5, a garden tool.

1, 7, 8, 3, 10, a weapon used in war.

2, 3, 10, 11, an animal.

3, 7, 5, an animal.

4, 5, 11, 7, what a miser likes to do with his money.

The whole is the name of a celebrated English poet.

HELEN MAR STEED.

Letter and Stories.

PROVO CITY, UTAH, September, 18, 1906.

We are interested in all your letters and stories. And we should like to add something to our little folks portion of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Like the rest of you we go to Sunday School and day school and Primary and Religion Class, and have good times. The other day a friend of our mama's gave her a ladies' paper and we found something in it about dogs, which pleased us. And mama said maybe it would please other little boys and girls if we should send it to the Letter-Box. So we will send it now, hoping there will be room for it.

DAVID B. PARDSON, 10 years old.

KATIE M. PARDSON, 8 years old.

[The story about dogs will be found on page 98, under the heading, "Humane Day."]

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by street,

Comes stealing; comes creeping;

The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—

She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping.

Eugene Field.

CUTE PIPS FROM SMALL LIPS.

WE have a large, open fireplace in our kitchen, in which we burn pitch pine. Of an evening it makes a bright light and casts very vivid pictures.

One evening little two-year-old Ray saw his shadow on the wall. He doubled his fist and reached to strike the shadow. As he did so the shadow stooped, and Ray said, "Oh, you dunce, you are falling!"

Little Rosa has a mania for dolls. She went shopping with her mama one day. Her mama gave her a dollar to buy anything she wanted. She bought nine dolls of various sizes. Her mama said, "Isn't there anything more you would like, Rosa?" "Yes," answered the little one, "I would like another doll."

Johnnie—"Hen. Morris will take supper with us tonight."

Four-year-old Tommy—"Did you say Hen Morris?"

Johnnie—"Yes."

Tommy—"Well, if he's a Hen, he is a chicken."

Another of the same order:

Little Jessie came home from grandpa's and told mama that "Rooster Meeks had come to visit there."

"No!" said mama, "that can't be right."

"It's Chicken, then," said Jessie. "I know it's one of those names."

The man's name was Henry, and Jessie heard him nicknamed.

The same Jessie went to her first party with older children. When she came home, mama asked her what refreshments were served. Jessie answered, "Cheese and apples and door knobs." She had misunderstood when she heard the cakes called "dough nuts."

Sent in by Celeste Gardner.



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